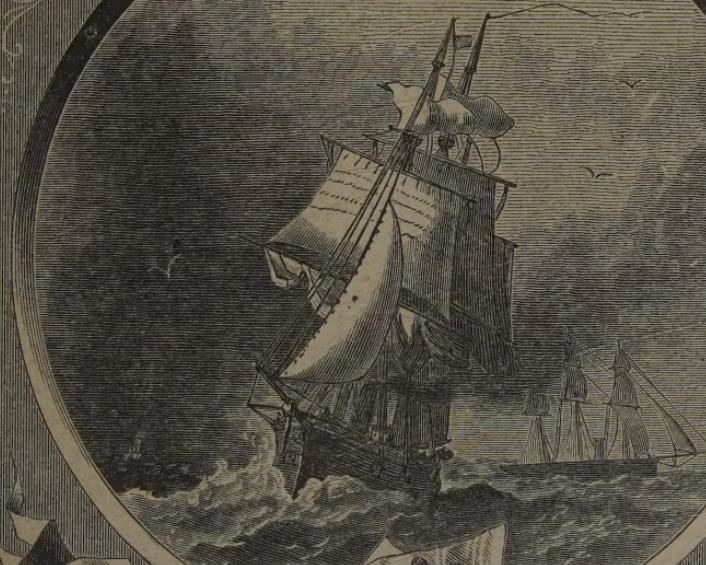


1828

1879

# The Sailors Magazine



and  
SEAMEN'S  
FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

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## THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, progress, and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commanding it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to Mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers ONE DOLLAR a year, invariably in advance. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, *upon an annual request for the same.*

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Is also issued as an eight page tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

## THE LIFE BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and facts relating to Sea Libraries.

Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

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# SAILORS' THE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND MACAZINE



Vol. 51.

DECEMBER, 1879.

No. 12.

*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE SEAPORTS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

### XI.—CORINTH.

The city of Corinth, which fills so large a space in the history and writings of Paul, as given in the New Testament, stood upon the ruins of an old town whose origin was lost amid myths and conjectures that antedated the Trojan war. The ancient Corinth was the child of commerce, growing up to wealth and splendor that equalled, if it did not surpass, those of the city of Athens, by the natural operation of the laws of trade which required just such a center at this point, along its natural and necessary thoroughfare between the East and the West.

The southern part of Greece, formerly known as the *Peloponessus*, is only prevented from being an island by the narrow strip of land which lies between the Saronic Gulf on the east, and the Corinthian on the west. A short strait of six miles in length would

have saved the ships of the ancient commercial nations the long and dangerous coasting voyage around the present Morea when passing from Italy and the western coast of the Grecian States to Athens and the cities and islands of the eastern Mediterranean.

Every effort was made to overcome this barrier to a free intercourse between the two Gulfs that lay but six miles apart. Engineers proposed a canal, but the project was never consummated. Small vessels were dragged overland from one sea to another, and the cargoes of larger vessels were unladen and carried across the isthmus for transhipment. All this must have made large demands for commercial facilities. And with the call for men and labor, came in wealth and influence, and so at this point grew up by natural business laws a city which was for ages the cen-

ter of a vast and remunerative commerce. This was Corinth. Old Grecian fables said that it was founded by Ephyra, the daughter of Oceanus, and they doubtless originated in the simple facts already stated. Corinth was the daughter of the sea, and for ages her glory and beauty did honor to her parentage.

The date of the foundation of the city is fixed by her historian at A. M. 2490, or over fifteen centuries before Christ. Here upon this bridge of the seas and beneath the shadow of a vast and natural fortress, two thousand feet in height, rose the splendid emporium, to whose greatness, wealth and power all nations contributed. On the Gulf of Corinth stood the port of Lechæum, and on the Saronic Gulf was Cenchrea whose name is familiar in the history of Paul's missionary tours. A city thus surrounded by sea and land, standing upon the only thoroughfare that united Peninsular Greece with the main land, and being the natural link between the commerce of the East and West could not but increase in wealth and power. From her ports ships were built and launched for purposes of commerce and of war. The first vessels fitted for naval battles slipped into the sea from her shipyards, and some of the earliest sea-fights are associated with her history. Colonies went forth from her growing population to form new centres of art and trade. Ships from every nation entered her ports, and she became one of the great markets of the world.

Manufactures of all kinds grew up within her walls. Workers in metals, dyes and pottery, artificers, sculptors, painters, and skilled and cunning artists brought into the city a full tide of business and wealth.

Thus Corinth rose and was strengthened, and was adorned with sumptuous buildings and splendid monuments of art and taste. On every hand were seen temples and palaces and theatres and baths of magnificent design, and enriched with gorgeous columns whose capitals and bases were the very perfection of architectural beauty, and with statues and pictures which were unrivalled even in Greece. But there came a terrible decline to all this greatness and glory, when the Roman power began to be felt over the known world, and when all that stood in the way of its progress was doomed to destruction. So Carthage fell, in Africa, as a dangerous rival to Rome, and so at length Corinth fell after a brief struggle when Mummius, the Roman Consul, advanced with his army and entered the city and gave it up to plunder and destruction. Greedy soldiers ransacked the town and took possession of its noblest treasures, of whose value they had no conception. The mart at which the princes of Europe and Asia had supplied themselves with the costliest works of art was now exposed to the rude hands of an ignorant army which wantonly destroyed them or parted with them for a trifle. Among these treasures was the famous painting of Bacchus, by Aristides, a contemporary of Apelles, for which Attalus afterwards offered 600,000 sesterces or \$25,000, but which the soldiers who were playing dice upon it, parted with, for a more convenient table on which to continue their game.

After the plunder of Corinth, came its destruction by fire. Its walls were demolished, and its temples and dwellings disappeared in the conflagration to which it was doomed. In the same year, also, Carthage fell, and so for a full cen-

tury these two cities which had stood in the way of Roman ambition and progress, were left in ruins. Under the rule of Cæsar, orders were given for the rebuilding of both, and Corinth soon arose from its ashes with a renewal of its ancient commercial greatness and glory. Hither came again the merchants and artisans of Greece, and the ports, on either shore, were again the scenes of active business life, alive with sailors and workmen, and echoed their shouts and songs. Here, too, came the Jews who found a convenient place for their business and trades. And here Roman soldiers and civilians met with the representatives of all nations, and aided in the growth and prosperity of the new city.

It was in the height of its splendor when Paul visited it on his second great missionary journey. Leaving Athens, from whose heights he might have seen the summit of the Acro-Corinthus, coursing up two thousand feet above the plain, a journey of forty-five miles either by land, or across the Saronic Gulf, brought him to this splendid place, now restored to its former prosperity and influence, and resembling the brilliant capital of France in all its dissipation, luxury, and gayety, and expensiveness of living.

In the harbor of Cenchrea through which the Apostle afterwards passed, were seen riding the corn ships of Alexandria, and merchant vessels with their rich freight from Cyprus, and Tyre, and Cæsarea, while in the opposite port of Lechæum were visible the vessels from Italy and Spain, and other ports of Europe. From this point a range of long walls similar to those which had once connected Athens with the sea, stretched upward to Corinth and made a magnificent

thoroughfare from the capital to the Gulf.

As the Apostle passed onward to the city, he must have beheld the same monuments of art and genius that he had left behind him at Athens. There was the stadium and amphitheatre in which were held the games when men strove for a "corruptible crown;" and the broad avenues leading to the city were shaded with pines and other trees, and lined with busts and statues of heroes famed in Grecian story.

Temples and theatres, and other buildings of a public and private character stood on every hand, the very models of perfection in architecture. In the center of the market place was a bronze statue of Minerva, and near by a fountain gushing from a dolphin supporting the figure of Neptune, who, as the fabled divinity of the sea was thus recognized and honored by the city that owed its very life and renown to its commercial advantages. As the Apostle passed upward towards the citadel, he saw the ascent thereto lined with altars and shrines, and upon its summit glittered the far famed temple of Venus, to whom the magnificent heights of the Acro-Corinthus were dedicated, and whose worship was attended by one thousand female slaves. On all sides were the evidences of wealth, and art, and taste, combined alas with the worship of false Gods, and a sad ignorance of the truths of Revelation.

Here in the midst of heathenism, luxury, and sensuality, Paul came to preach the Gospel of which he was not ashamed, and which he knew to be the wisdom and power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. He made his home with a family of Jews that had been exiled from Rome for a while,

and pausing here on their way to Pontus, had taken up their occupation of tent makers. The Apostle, who had in his youth learned the same trade, worked with them, and thus supporting himself by the labor of his own hands, began to preach among these people the unsearchable riches of Christ. As was his custom, he first entered the Jewish synagogue, where he plainly set before his brethren the truth that Jesus of Nazareth was the Christ of God, and that he who had died upon the cross at Jerusalem was the Savior of lost and guilty sinners. Here he was joined by Timothy and Silas whom he had left in Macedonia, and who brought him cheering news of the result of his labors there. It was not long before, in Corinth as elsewhere, the bitter prejudices of the Jews were awakened against the Gospel of Christ, and when the opposition became so bitter and violent that it was evident no good was to be accomplished by farther work among that people, the Apostle turned to the Gentiles and gave himself henceforth to a ministry among them. The center of his labors was a house near the synagogue belonging to a Proselyte named Justus, in which room was found convenient for public services. Here the Gospel was preached, and here many were converted to Christ, both from among the Jews and Gentiles. This was the first church in Achaia, to which Paul devoted some of his most earnest and faithful efforts, and which evidently was largely imbedded in his thoughts and affections. Here he wrote some of his Epistles. Indeed the first of his pastoral letters were probably penned during his residence in Corinth.

His labors were eminently successful, for he writes to the Romans

of the Church in Corinth, and in his Epistles to the Corinthians he speaks as if they had become a large and influential Christian community. During his successful preaching in this city, the Jews sought to interrupt his work by bringing charges against him before the Roman Proconsul Gallio. But their attempts were frustrated through the firmness and intelligence of the governor, who dismissed the case with a plain rebuke of the Jewish bigotry that had thus assaulted men for a simple difference in their religious opinions.

The Apostle, besides this encouragement to continue his work, was still farther strengthened by a divine assurance that many people in that city were yet to be converted under his ministry, and that no one should be permitted to disturb or injure him in his work. It is evident that his labors extended to Cenchrea, the eastern part of Corinth, where a church also was founded, whose influence must doubtless have been felt among the merchants and sailors who met there from all parts of the east. Mention is made of this church in Paul's letter to the Romans, in which he says, "I commend unto you, Phebe our sister who is a servant of the church which is at Cenchrea."

The residence of the Apostle in Corinth continued for a year and six months, after which he visited the scenes of previous labors in company with his friends Aquila and Priscilla, who greatly aided him in his work. Once more he visited the city, remaining there three months, and renewing his labors as a servant of Christ.

From the letters of Paul to this people, it is evident that there were here as elsewhere errors and corruptions which had sprung up

through corrupt teachers and false brethren. Unhappy strifes and divisions marred the peace of the church, and evil practices arising from old heathen customs and principles, were disgracing it and discrediting its reputation. Reference is made to these evils in the two Epistles of Paul to this people, in which he faithfully warns and rebukes them, and affectionately sets before them their errors and dangers. Besides this he presents to them most instructive views of the nature of the ordinances of the church, especially the Lord's Supper; and in his argument respecting the resurrection of the dead, he holds up, for all ages, one of the most sublime and wonderful descriptions of the future state, that is to be found in all the range of Revelation.

It is possible from some allusions in his letters, that the Apostle wrote an Epistle which has not been preserved, and made a third visit to Corinth, the particulars of which have not been recorded. It is evident that he bore the church and its interests very near to his heart. When he left the city he must have passed down to the port of Cenchrea, where were many converts to the Christian faith, and many friends who gave him a warm and cordial welcome. Here he took ship and sailed away for other fields of missionary labor, leaving his work there, to other hands, who built upon the foundations which he had laid.

The city continued to prosper during all the years that Rome held her sway over the nations of the east. When the great capital of the world began to tremble and weaken under the assaults of the vast hordes of northern barbarians who swept down upon her, the cities that had shared her protec-

tion and enjoyed her smile were exposed to assault and plunder. Corinth was too rich a prize to escape the hands of the enemy, and was taken and burned by the Heruli, A. D. 268. In 525 it was shattered by an earthquake; in 1180 it was plundered by Reger, King of Sicily; and in 1458 it fell into the hands of the Turks; in 1687 it was transferred to the Venetians; and in 1715 restored to Turkey. Since the Greek revolution in 1823, it has fallen back into its old nationality, but its wealth and power as a commercial city have departed forever. A small and insignificant village of a few hundred inhabitants is all that is now left of the magnificent city, full of wealth, and splendor, and life, which Paul entered, and where he established a Christian church. At the head of the Corinthian Gulf, the Austrian Lloyds Company have a depot for their steamers from Trieste, and a few miserable huts surround the port once filled with the ships of all the western Mediterranean. Cenchrea is still represented by a small modern settlement called Kikries, but Kalamaki, or the ancient Schoenus, one of the old ports of Corinth, and about three miles distant from it, is the present station and port in which the vessels for Athens and the Saronic Gulf find better accommodations, and there is a large and imposing depot for steamers that connect with the lines from Trieste.

A few monuments of ancient Corinth still remain. The seven majestic columns which usually appear in the views of the modern city, are the ruins of the old temple of Minerva Chalimatis, supposed to have been built 700 B. C. Ruins of walls and buildings, and massive foundations of former structures are scattered over the

plain; and brick, pottery, and other relics of the former city are thickly strewn over several miles from the present village. At Kalamaki may be still traced the outline of the old Posidium or sanctuary of Neptune, where were held the Isthmian games, which yearly attracted multitudes of the people, and from which Paul drew some of his most striking figures in illustration of the Christian life. On its southern side was the Stadium where foot races were run. On the east was the theater where pugilistic encounters were held, to which Paul alludes when he says, "so fight I not as one that beateth the air;"—and all around are the pine trees from which the wreaths were obtained with which to crown the victors.

The population of modern Corinth is about equally divided among the Mohammedans and the Christians, the latter of whom are members of the Greek Church which has here an Archbishopric. The glory of this once proud metropolis has departed, and time has crumbled its monuments, and temples, and palaces, and buried in the dust

its ancient splendor. Its merchants and princes, and men of wealth and power, are all unnamed and unknown; but the humble and obscure tent maker who, eighteen centuries ago, was passing through its streets an unnoticed stranger, despised by many, rejected even by most of his own countrymen, refused admission to their synagogues, and persecuted for his religious opinions,—built up a monument which has made him ever after to be remembered.

The heathen deities whose temples crowned every hill of Greece and Rome, have no longer a worshipper or a shrine. But the CHRIST whom Paul preached, and of whose Gospel he was not ashamed, even when standing before the wisest and mightiest names of the old world, still lives and reigns, and his kingdom is stretching itself from sea to sea. His church is rising and extending over all nations, and will flourish and grow until "the kingdoms of this world shall be given to him for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession."

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*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

### Trust and Praise.

*A Sailor's Hymn, composed while walking the deck in the middle night watch, after rounding Cape Horn.*

*"Thy loving-kindness and tender mercies are great towards me."*

Our Glorious King! enthroned above!  
We praise the mercy and the love  
With which our lives are daily crowned,  
And every night anew 'tis found,  
Alike on shore, and distant wave—  
That mercy and that love will save.

When foaming billows, angry, rise  
In wild confusion to the skies.—  
And threaten with tremendous power  
To overwhelm us,—in that hour,  
Thy mercy calm and peace doth give,  
Thy loving-kindness bids us live.

From hidden dangers, sudden shock,  
The secret leak, the sunken rock,  
Thy watchful eye preserves us still,  
Alike from seen and unseen ill;  
Circled by everlasting arms,  
We rest secure from all alarms.

But most we praise the wondrous love  
That brought our Savior from above;—  
That made him leave th' eternal throne,  
And suffer death, for sin to atone.  
From hell He saves us by his grace,  
And now in heaven prepares our place.

Henceforth no more we'll doubt thy love,—  
For all things will sufficient prove;  
And He who spared not his own Son  
Will perfect that which He's begun!  
Though clouds and darkness gird thy ways,  
Through all our lives we'll trust and praise!

Then with the ransomed joyful throng  
In realms above we'll swell the song,  
"To Him who washed us with his blood,  
And made us kings and priests to God,  
All honor, power and glory be,  
Through ages of Eternity!"

R. C. A.

## THE JUDGMENT DAY.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Reader, imagine for a moment that time has passed, and that the day of judgment has come. We are all gathered together, both quick and dead. The trumpet-blast waxes exceeding loud and long. We are all attentive, expecting something marvellous. The shop is deserted by the tradesman; the crowded streets are filled. All men stand still; they feel that the last great business-day is come, and that now they must settle their accounts for ever.

A solemn stillness fills the air: no sound is heard. All, all is noiseless. Presently a great white cloud with solemn state sails through the sky, and then—hark the twofold clamor of the startled earth! On that cloud there sits one like unto the Son of Man. Every eye looks, and at last there is heard a unanimous shout—“It is He! It is He!” and after that you hear on the one hand, shouts of “Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Welcome, Welcome, Welcome, Son of God.” But mixed with that there is a deep bass, composed of the weeping and the wailing of the men who have persecuted Him, and who have rejected Him.

Listen! I think I can dissect the sounds; I think I can hear the words as they come separately, each one of them, tolling like a death-knell. What say they? They say, “Rocks, hide us; mountains, fall upon us; hide us from the face of Him that sits upon the throne.” And shall you be among the number of those who say to the rocks, “Hide us”?

My impenitent reader, I suppose for a moment that you have gone out of this world, and that you have died impenitent, and that you

are among those who are weeping, and wailing, and gnashing their teeth. Oh, what will then be your terror! Blanched cheeks and knocking knees are nothing compared to thy horror of heart, when thou shalt be drunken, but not with wine, and when thou shalt reel to and fro, with the intoxication of amazement, and shalt fall down, and roll in the dust for horror and dismay. For there He comes, and there He is, with fierce, fire-darting eye; and now the time is come for the great division. The voice is heard, “Gather my people.” They are gathered at the right hand, and there they are. And now saith He, “Gather up the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn.”

And you are gathered, and on the left hand there you are, gathered into the bundle. All that is wanted is the lighting of the pile. Where shall be the torch that shall kindle it? The tares are to be burned; where is the flame? The flame comes out of *His* mouth, and it is composed of words like these—Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.” Do you linger? “Depart!” Do you seek a blessing? “Ye are cursed. I curse you with a curse.” Do you seek to escape? *It is everlasting fire.* Do you stop and plead? No, “I called, and ye refused; I stretched out my hands, and ye regarded me not: therefore I will mock at your calamity, I will laugh when your fear cometh.” “Depart, again I say; depart for ever!”

And you are gone. And what are your reflections? Why, they are these: “Oh, would to God that I never had been born! Oh, that I

had never heard the Gospel preached, that I might never have had the sin of rejecting it!" This will be the gnawing of the worm in your conscience—"I knew better, but I did not do better." As I sowed the wind, it is right I should reap the whirlwind; I was checked, but I would not be stopped; I was wooed, but I would not be invited. Now I see that I have murdered myself. Oh, thought above all thoughts most deadly! I am *lost! lost! lost!* And this is the horror of horrors: I have caused myself to be lost; I have put from me the Gospel of Christ; I have destroyed myself.

Shall this be so with thee, my reader? Shall this be so with thee? I pray it may not! "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." There He hangs, dying on his cross! look to Him and live.

Be you wicked, filthy, depraved, degraded, you are still invited to Christ. The devil's castaways Christ takes in—the off-scouring, the dross, the scum, the sewerage of this world, is now invited to Christ. Come to Him now, and obtain mercy!

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### Almost Saved.

A man is drowning! He fell off the pier head into the sea, and look! you can see his head just above the waves! There! he has caught hold of the rope those men have thrown to him. Now he has it! No, he has missed it! Ah! that huge wave has carried him farther out. Nothing can save him now! Oh, if he had but caught the rope when he was so near it!

"And he so near being saved," says one honest fellow, dashing a tear from his eye; "why, the rope fairly touched his hand!" Ay, that made it all the worse. To

think of him being drowned after all, when he was almost saved!

Almost saved! Reader, do you not hear that cry from another world?—"I was once very near being saved, I had almost made up my mind to accept of Christ, but did not do it, and now it is too late! Lost! lost! and for ever! Oh, if I might go back to earth again, and hear once more of Jesus! Oh that I had come to Him then, when I might have come."

Dear reader, are you almost persuaded to be a Christian? Then there is one great difference between you and that poor drowning man. *It was not his fault that he missed the rope.* He did all that he could; he clutched at the rope with all the strength of despair,—and who blames him because he missed it? But ah! it is not so with you. You know that you might be saved at this moment, *if you liked*; but instead of laying hold of Christ at once, you are thinking about it, and wishing, and hesitating, and putting off. "Ye will not come unto Me that you might have life," says Christ.

Almost within the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem, lingering about the door, catching an echo of its music—and yet shut out!

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### Tom Paine and Dr. Franklin.

Tom Paine showed his "Age of Reason," before it was printed, to Franklin, and desired his opinion of it. The Philosopher replied, "I have read your manuscript. You strike at the foundations of all religion. You will not succeed, so as to change the general sentiment of mankind on that subject. The consequence of printing this piece will be mischief to you, and no benefit to others. He that spits against the wind, spits in his own face."

## GOD KNOWETH BEST.

## I.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,  
 And sun and stars for evermore have set,  
 The things which our weak judgments here have spurned—  
 The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet—  
 Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,  
 As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
 And we shall see how all God's plans were right,  
 And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

## II.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,  
 God's plans go on as best for you and me;  
 How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,  
 Because His wisdom to the end could see.  
 And even as prudent parents disallow  
 Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,  
 So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now  
 Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

## III.

And if sometimes, commingled with life's wine,  
 We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,  
 Be sure a wiser Hand than yours or mine  
 Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.  
 And if some friend we love is lying low,  
 Where human kisses cannot reach his face,  
 O do not blame the loving Father so,  
 But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

## IV.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath  
 Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend;  
 And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death  
 Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.  
 If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
 And stand within, and all God's working see,  
 We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
 And for each mystery could find a key.

## V.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!  
 God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold:  
 We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—  
 Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.  
 And if, through patient toil, we reach the land  
 Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,  
 When we shall clearly know and understand,—  
 I think that we will say,—“*God knew the best.*”

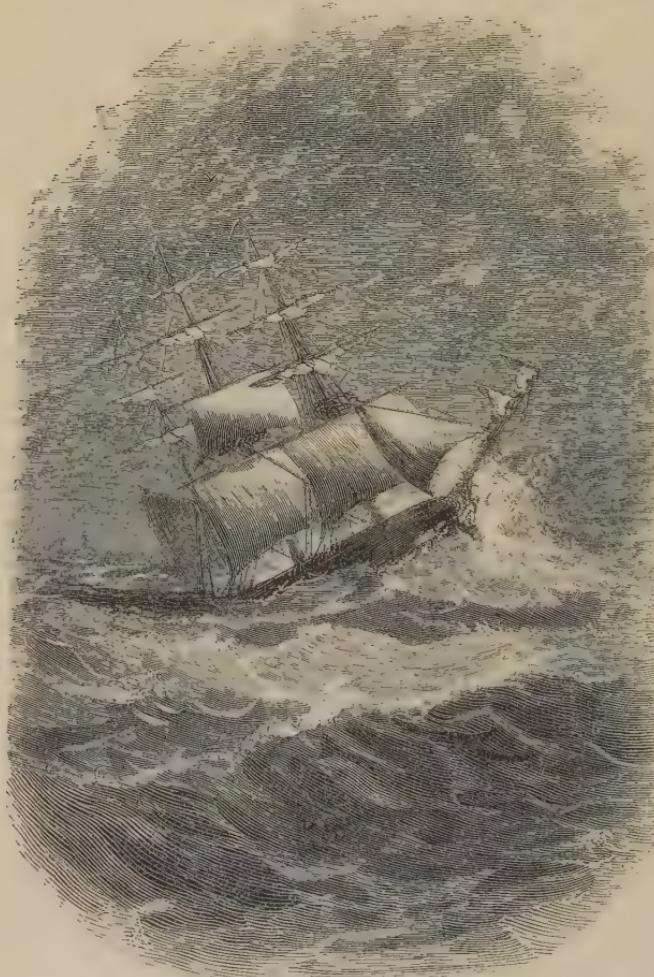
*From The Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

## THE RIM OF THE SEA—ITS USES, ITS CENOTAPHS, ITS STORMS AND INCIDENTS.

BY REV. JOHN G. HALL.

The tourist in mid ocean, at the center of that well-known circle which seems never to change, does not wonder at the saying of Prof. Guyot, that "the strongest senti-

ment which, on the whole, the ocean inspires in the man who trusts himself to its waves, is that of a despairing monotony." But he who stands enchanted on its rim, can as fully appreciate the sense of security, as well as the acknowledgment of the divine power indicated in Jeremiah's allusion to God's "placing the sand for the bound of the sea by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass it; and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet they cannot prevail; though they roar yet they cannot pass over it." A rimless ocean implies a universal deluge, and the total disappearance of our race. It was not the least of God's works on our behalf, when he shut up the sea with doors and bars and said, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther;



IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SEA, RIDING THE WAVES.

and here shall thy proud waves be from these curving billows of pride, stayed." We step back a little and are safe.

The sea itself could tell us tales of the thousands that it annually engulfs; but there are those on its shore who miss their departed, and who affectionately erect tablets to their remembrance. All along this southeastern coast of Massachusetts, on a portion of which I have spent the past summer, the burying-grounds are full of cenotaphs commemorative of those who have perished at sea. The intimated graves are not "heaped in many a mouldering turf," as Gray says,

but are left perfectly flat, in token that nothing is beneath. At Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, for example, the large cemetery is crowded with these empty tombs, touching to behold, even beyond ordinary graves; according to that principle of our nature which the prophet so impressively celebrates in his unrivalled words, "Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away; for he shall return no more, nor see his native country."



THE ROCKY RIM OF THE SEA.

Here is one of a young shipmaster, who is said to have been "unfortunately lost at sea; 1797." Here another, "Drowned near Gay-Head;" another, "At Talcuhuano," and his son, two years after, "At Manado, on the island of Celebes;" another, "On the coast of Chili;" another, "At Point Melano, east coast of Africa;" another, "Near the coast of New Zealand;" but his son, nothing daunted, years after, must needs

go to sea and be lost too. And so these sad slabs stand on every hand. One of them quaintly says,

"Suddenly the shaft of death  
Flew to stop his vital breath;  
Sunk him to his coral bed,  
Till the sea gives up its dead."

But of all who have gone from this island to be engulfed in the treacherous deep, none will rise from it at last to a brighter resurrection-crown, than one for whose cenotaph you look around in vain; I mean the Rev. Thomas Mayhew,

the only son of Gov. Mayhew, the early proprietor and settler of the whole island. This extraordinary young man commenced his gospel labors among the Indians immediately upon his arrival at the island, in 1642, when only twenty-one years of age; and was so successful that ere long he had won their entire confidence, conquered their language, established schools, and advanced them to a good de-

gree of Christian civilization. In 1657, he sailed for England, on an errand of love for his poor Indians, but neither himself nor the ship was ever heard of more. "Alas," said the famous John Eliot of Roxbury, "the Lord hath given us this amazing blow, to take away my brother Mayhew!"

Nothing commemorative of him was ever erected, if we may except a heap of stones, which his grate-



A COLLISION—A STEAMER SINKING.

ful and sorrowing Indians themselves made, on a spot a mile or two back from the harbor, where they last parted from him; and where, as the Rev. Thomas Prince, of Boston, near that day, says, "he solemnly and affectionately took leave of them on his way to the ship." No polished shaft, or "storied urn," could have been more appropriate. If it was a

storm in which he perished, it was one that did not reach this coast, and the tidings of his non-arrival in England crept slowly back to his bereaved and stricken father, and carried "mourning, lamentation, and woe," throughout the whole island, and, indeed, throughout all New England also.

These eastern regions are, at times, visited with very severe

storms, which vex all the adjacent seas, and lash the shores with tremendous fury. But the one which is said, by local tradition hereabouts, never to have been exceeded, occurred in 1778, and is known as the "Magee storm;" so called from the name of the captain of one of our national vessels, the *Gen. Arnold*, lost in that storm. Sailing from Boston on the 24th of December, she was overtaken by the storm off Plymouth, in which harbor she took refuge. There she cast anchor; but, towards morning, the fury of the wind had so increased, that she dragged her anchors and drifted on to the shoals, "heel on;" which caused her to "bring home" her anchors, as the sailors say, and then, swinging around broadside to the gale, the work of destruction commenced. She was too heavily ballasted, to begin with. In addition to that, her guns were very heavy. The mate, or lieutenant, more sagacious than the commander, advised him to heave the guns overboard, to the windward; which, had he done it, might have proved their safety. But with a natural, but unwise, naval pride, not to lose his cruise, he refused, and so lost all. The cold was intense, the dashing water froze into ice on every hand, the fury of the blast was insupportable, and out of 106 men aboard, 66 fell down frozen to death on the decks. Others were frost-bitten, crippled, and maimed, in various ways. When the storm had subsided, all Plymouth rallied for the rescue of the living, and the burial of the dead. This ghastly army of the frozen were taken to the Town Hall; where, when the hour of service had arrived, the two clergymen who officiated, fainted, it is said, when they first entered and beheld the unprecedented and appalling spectacle.

One of the survivors was from this town, and I have just been looking at his tombstone. He was but 16 years of age, when aboard the ship, and lost the extremities of both feet by the frost, but owed his life to large quantities of sweet oil which he drank, and which was brought to him by a friendly Indian with him from the same town. He lived to the age of 75.

In the same storm, a privateer drove into this Edgartown harbor, and stranded. Some of the company, reaching the land, saved themselves in an old mill, by the help of the flour-bags. Others aiming at the same refuge, missed it, and went by; but the fury of the gale, with its sleet and hail, was so excessive, that they could not turn again and face it, and so paced on before it, until they fell and perished.

But one man, who decided to stay by the wreck, was saved in a very strange fashion. Crouching down behind the bulwarks as best he could, he saw the ship's cat, creeping in manifest terror towards him as though asking for assistance or company. Pitying the poor creature, as forlorn as himself, he took her up and tucked her under his coat, near his heart, where she quietly lay till the man himself was rescued. (It is not stated whether she purred.) And the physicians attributed his survival very much to the warmth from the animal, or from the mutual warmth of the two; as Solomon says, "If two lie together then they have heat: but how can one be warm alone?" So the humanity of the privateersman was well repaid.

Such are a few specimens of the legends which one meets with, as he summers it at the Rim of the Sea.

## Various Items.

### *Steam Towing on New York State Canals.*

The Belgian Cable System of towing canal boats, now coming into use on the Erie Canal, will, it is claimed, reduce the expenses about one-half, and the time consumed two-thirds. The State of New York has granted to the company for fifty years an exclusive privilege of laying cables in the Erie Canal between Buffalo and Albany for this purpose, and it is believed that they will be laid as far as Troy before winter. Early in the present season the laying of the wire-rope cable was put under contract, and a fleet of steamers was ordered to be built at Lockport, N. Y. Now the cable is completed within four miles of Rochester. Some tows have already been carried over it, at three miles an hour, which is double the average speed attained with horses. A contract has been made to do the towing of the only horse line on that part of the canal at 20 cents a mile. Horse-towing costs at present 30 cents a mile. The system consists of a tow-boat propelled by steam, with a rudder at each end, and furnished with two steel wire cables one inch in diameter, one for the up-boats, and the other for the down. Three traction wheels are on the side of the boat, over which the cable passes. Thus the tow-boat is drawn along the cable. Six boats constitute a tow, and it is estimated that under the new system the 5,000 boats now employed on the canal can do double the work. Mr. EMERSON FOOTE, No 40 Broadway, in this city, has had much to do in the inception and development of the new enterprise.

### *Decline of the Whaling Traffic.*

The introduction of petroleum, the consequent fall in the price of whale-oil, the destruction of whalers by the rebel cruiser *Shenandoah*, the loss of many vessels in the Arctic ice-fields in 1871 and 1876, and the decrease in the number of whales, have contributed to reduce the Pacific whaling fleet from 600 vessels, in 1855, to 40 in 1879. Of these only 18 are now in the North Pacific, and recently they have made their rendezvous in San Francisco, Cal., harbor, whereas, formerly, Honolulu, S. I., was the port where they discharged cargo, refitted,

and spent the winter. They employ about 700 men, and the average catch may be set down as 15,000 barrels of oil and 70 tons of whale-bone. The whales are scarce and shy, now, south of Behring Straits, and most of the vessels venture into the Arctic Sea. In a fair season a vessel will take five whales, the northern right whale yielding 125 barrels and the Arctic 90 barrels of oil, and each about 1,500 pounds of bone. If the whales are not found, the vessel frequently devotes itself to the walrus, each of which gives 20 barrels of oil and 5 pounds of ivory; but three out of four killed are lost; and as they are the chief dependence of the Esquimaux for subsistence, some whaling masters will not kill them so long as there is any hope of finding whales. The introduction of an improved bomb-lance gun will probably make the business less dangerous and more profitable. There are half a dozen whaling stations on the Coast of California, where a lookout is kept on shore, and when notice is given that a whale is in sight men put off in row-boats for the prize. There are 25 men at Punta Banda, and 12 at Santo Tomas, in Lower California, and 10 at Ballast Point, in the American territory, all belonging to San Diego; a company at Monterey; one of 25 men at Pigeon Point; and one or two in Mendocino county. Most of the whales taken are the California gray-backs, which are neither rich in oil or easily taken. Some seasons more than half of those killed are lost. They migrate, when fat, to the southward from November to February, keeping near the land, and to the northward from May to October, when lean, running a little further out. It is more than probable that our whaling fleet will rendezvous at San Francisco hereafter, instead of the Sandwich Islands, because of the greater facilities for communicating intelligence.

### *The Depth of Niagara.*

The United States Corps of Engineers, with a small lead of only 12 pounds weight, attached to a slender rope or sounding cord, lately obtained the depths of Niagara River from the Falls to the lower bridge. With great difficulty, says a writer, we approached within a short distance of the American Falls, which darted great jets of water on us, and far out into the stream. The roar was so terrible that no voice or human sound, however near we were to one another,

could be heard. The leadsmen cast the line, which passed rapidly down and told off 83 feet. This was quite near the shore. Passing out of the friendly eddy which had assisted us up so near the falls, we shot rapidly down stream. The next cast of the lead told off 100 feet, deepening to 192 feet at the inclined railway. The average depth to the Swift Drift, where the river suddenly becomes narrow, with a velocity too great to be measured, was 153 feet. Just under the lower bridge, the whirlpool rapids set in, and so violently are the waters moved that they rise, like ocean waves, to the height of 20 feet. At this point, your correspondent, at the time of the survey, computed the depth at 210 feet, which is accepted as approximately correct.

#### *Tunnel under The Hudson River.*

Work on the proposed tunnel under the North River, between Jersey City and New York, is now in progress. About forty men are at work building the perpendicular shaft, which descends by gravitation, as fast as the soil beneath is removed. When this mass of brick masonry has been sunk about 60 feet, the archway built into one side and temporarily bricked up, will be opened, so that the horizontal shaft, or tunnel proper, can be pushed forward beneath the river's bed. On this latter part of the work an "air lock" will be introduced, consisting of an iron cylinder 16x6 feet, so arranged by means of a hinged door, that laborers can pass through it into the compressed air-chamber, and go on with the excavation. The outward pressure of the air is expected to assist in excluding water and upholding the roof of earth. The expectation is, that the Erie and Pennsylvania Railroads, the New Jersey Central, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, and other important lines which are now dependent on river transportation, will send their trains through the tunnel, which will have a capacity for 400 trains every twenty-four hours. The tunnel will be about one mile under the river, with approaches at either end—12,000 feet altogether. It will be circular in form, 26x24 feet, fitted with a double track railway. Total estimated cost, \$10,000,000.

#### *A Terrific Sea Voyage.*

The steamship *Montana*, of the Guion Line, which lately arrived at New York,

from Liverpool, encountered a hurricane which threatened the destruction of the ship and all on board—the wind blowing with terrific force from the northeast. A passenger says:—

"I and five others who ventured on deck were able to get to the smoking-room by hanging on to the rails. From there we could watch the storm by holding fast to the stationary objects. The captain had been obliged to put the ship before the wind as a measure of safety. She was fairly flying over the waves, but seemed to ride beautifully and safely over them. I managed to get up on the bridge with the second officer, and, while holding on for dear life, I could not but wonder at the terrible fury of the storm. One moment the ship would be lifted up by a gigantic wave, and the next we would drop down into the trough of the sea, imprisoned by walls of water on all sides. Every few moments a terrific wave would strike us with a shock that made the vessel tremble from stem to stern. After running before the gale for some time and finding it increase, the captain decided upon going about and heaving to. In a few words he warned the sailors to look out for their lives. He ordered the engines stopped, and then caused the wheel to be put hard down. Then the engines were started slowly, and to turn the ship about was to go directly in the teeth of the gale. As the seas struck us the great ship's course was changed, and as she wove around she careened over so that her beam ends were under. They tell me that even the captain held his breath as the ship went through the trough of the sea. The position at this critical interval was as dangerous as it could be, and had a heavy sea struck us at this time we would probably have gone to destruction. At this time, I and three others were in the smoking room, and we thought it was all over. In the saloon a terrible scene was taking place. Panic stricken passengers were crying and screaming and ladies were fainting. To make matters worse, a sea was shipped into the engine room, which sent a puff of steam into the saloons with a hissing sound. This caused an alarm of fire, and for a short time there was terrible excitement. Heavy seas continued to break over us, and at a quarter past one, a gigantic wave washed away a large life-boat, crushing it into a thousand pieces. Later on, others were damaged,

until only one seaworthy boat was left. At the time the first boat was crushed, the first loss of life occurred. Two steerage passengers were standing near the funnel. The same wave which smashed the boat swept them away. One of them managed to grasp the rail just as he was going over. He was quickly rescued, but his companion was never seen again. Shortly after this, while the sailors were trying to secure the foresail, another heavy sea dashed over us. One of the sailors, named Michael Higgins, was swept overboard and drowned, and another was badly hurt."

#### *A New Mariner's Compass.*

An Englishman has invented a mariner's compass which enables the captain or officer in charge, to hear, by the ringing of a bell, when the vessel is out of the ordered course. The apparatus is easily carried about, and is intended to be placed in the captain's cabin. Over the card are two index hands, which can be adjusted to any angle, allowing of greater or less deviation in steering to either the port or starboard side. The captain, on quitting the deck, sets the index hands to a certain angle, allowing the steersman a given latitude for deviation either to port or starboard of that course. Instead of having to be constantly watching the compass, as at present, to see that his orders are carried out, the captain leaves the instrument to tell him by its silence if they are, and by its sounds if they are not obeyed. Should the ship be steered off her course beyond the limit allowed on either side, an electric alarm-bell rings instantaneously, and, moreover, continues ringing until the right course is resumed. The index hands can be raised away from the card, when the bell becomes disconnected, and the compass can be used like an ordinary one.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

#### Temperance Among the Tars.

The sixteenth anniversary of the Sailors' Snug Harbor Temperance Society, was observed with suitable accompaniments of music, recitations, and addresses, on Thursday evening, October 80th, in the church on the Harbor grounds.

The services were opened by the reading of the Scriptures by Mr. T. D. WILLIAMS, the efficient volunteer chaplain to the sailors at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Prayer was offered by the chaplain, Rev. C. J. JONES.

After a brief report of the year by the secretary, Captain Henry Macy, the concert proper was entered upon. Mr. and Mrs. Crane, Miss Cristadoro, and Mr. Hale, all of Brooklyn, were the vocalists. They were accompanied, on one of Decker Brothers' square pianos, by Prof. Penfield, also of Brooklyn; and several recitations were given with much effect, by Mr. Julian Henriques of the University of New York.

Between the parts a touching and earnest address was delivered by Captain BANCROFT GHERARDI, U. S. N., commanding U. S. S. *Colorado*, in which he urged the audience to entirely abandon the use of all intoxicating drinks, on the ground that they are useless, harmful, and do not contribute to the happiness of men on earth, or to their fitness for the enjoyment of heaven. He was greeted with frequent rounds of applause by the sailors, some of whom had been shipmates with him in former years.

A novel feature of the entertainment, was some very fine and sweet music, from an instrument called a "Tumbler-onicon," which consisted of a series of tumblers, partially filled with cold water, and arranged in a wooden frame. The performer, Mr. Isaac Simonson, of Springville, Staten Island, was accompanied on the organ by Miss Ida Corson of the same place. On the whole, the occasion was one of great enjoyment to the sailors and their friends, who filled the house. The pleasure was somewhat enhanced, moreover, by the fact that the services of all who took part were rendered gratuitously. For this the gratitude of the recipients was expressed, at the close, by a vote which was passed with a rousing "aye." J.

## Denmark.

COPENHAGEN.

Since his return from Denmark, our missionary, Mr. BORELLA, has received several interesting letters in regard to the spiritual work now in progress there among seamen.

The following, which he has handed us, will interest our readers.—ED.

COPENHAGEN, October 27th, 1879.

Dear Brother:—

Having been informed (by telegraph) of your safe arrival in America, we all feel to thank God for bringing you in peace and safety to the port of your destination, and to the land of your spiritual birth. We also feel to thank Him for the visit you were permitted to make us this summer. I cannot tell you how happy we all were to have you here, and of the joy and encouragement it gave us, to hear from the dear friends in America, and of God's work there. Your visit has truly been blest to us all; very profitable indeed, especially to the cause of Christ, bearing fruit already to the glory of His name.

After you left Copenhagen, I went to see Pastor PRIOR and other ministers of the Gospel in the city, about the spiritual welfare of seamen, for which you labored so earnestly while here; and I am happy to inform you that a number of wealthy Christian gentlemen and ladies, with Pastor Prior at the head, have formed themselves into a society, and undertaken to bear all the expenses connected with our Seamen's Mission. Pastor Prior has already preached twice in the mission, and we have had a blessed time, for which we all feel called to praise the Lord. I believe, from now on, the Lutherans will do all they can to make our work a success. We had a very large meeting last Thursday evening; among others, Mrs. PRIOR, Mrs. HANSEN, Miss RÖRBY and KAMMERJUNKERINDE AMSING, (from the royal household). These four noble Christian ladies, stirred by the Spirit of God, took upon themselves to visit the harbor through the day, inviting

seamen to come to the mission that evening. There were present besides, a number of prominent and influential gentlemen and ladies from the city, and between seventy and eighty seamen. \* \* \* Captain GJÖDESEN, one of the leading gentlemen in organizing our Sailors' Home, who feels very much interested in its prosperity was also present. The congregation was so large that we had to take off the doors into my private apartments. Pastor Prior preached, Miss Rörby played the organ, several seamen told what the Lord hath done for them, and we all, as with one accord, felt like praising the Lord for "his goodness and mercy, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." After the service was over, the ladies gave an entertainment to the seamen. Tea, coffee, and cake, were served by the ladies; and, for the encouragement of the seamen, and for the prosperity of the mission, these Christian sisters promised to give like entertainments occasionally, thus showing their interest in these long neglected men. Besides all this there has been presented to the mission, fifty hymn books, and the rooms have been fitted up with new lamps, flowers, &c., and Miss Rörby has promised to play the organ for us every Sunday and every Thursday. Miss Rörby has also deposited in the bank three hundred Kroner as a present to the Seamen's Mission. We are all of us wonderfully stirred up, for which "my soul doth magnify and bless the Lord." Two weeks ago we held service on board of one of the vessels here in the harbor. Mr. RADCLIFFE, the English evangelist, preached. I interpreted. There were present about 600 people. Surely Jesus is passing this way, and to His name be all the praise.... The Mission will be under the direction of Pastor Prior, Pastor Jörgensen, and myself. Pastor Jörgensen will preach here in the German language. I have written to Rev. Dr. HALL, and told him the good news, and that henceforth the expenses

of the mission will be provided here. From 1st of April next my private apartments will be used for the mission, until we can get a larger place.

Yours in Christ,

A. WOLLESON."

In a note Mr. Borella adds: "Besides this interesting and encouraging letter from Brother Wolleson, I have received from a relative, Mrs. Ferdinand Borella, a similar letter, wherein she speaks of the wonderful interest and work in the Seamen's Mission. She (with her family) frequently visits the Mission, to express their gratitude to God for the interest taken in seamen by Christians in America. It appears that by listening to the story of the Cross, and in hearing what the Lord had done for us in this far off and blessed land, she was led to Christ. I believe she is a truly converted person. Many like her, though they have never seen this country, are praying for God's blessing to rest upon it, for here their wandering boys and friends have found the pearl of great price. I remember visiting a very respectable family in Copenhagen with Brother Wolleson, and upon my speaking of the SAILORS' HOME in New York, the lady of the house in touching language expressed her gratitude to God for what the Lord had done for her sea-faring, wandering boy in that Sailors' Home in New York,—calling for God's blessing to rest upon the good people for taking such interest in her son. She told us of the wonderful change wrought by the Holy Ghost in his heart, and how different he was from what he had been. This son is one of *many* who likewise have been converted in the Sailors' Home in Cherry Street.

"For myself, when I think of what I was, and what I am to-day by the grace of God, I feel like "calling upon my soul and all that is within me to praise His holy name." When I came to this country many years ago, I was not only "a stranger in a strange land," but I was a strang-

er from the covenant of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world. But "now in Christ Jesus I who sometimes were afar off, am made nigh by the blood of Christ." If any one can sing from the inmost soul,—

"O to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be,"—

surely it is I. Grace sought me, grace saved me, and grace keeps me. Even now when I pass by the house, which was once a dance house, where I used to board when a Sailor, (though many years ago) I feel called to praise the Lord who took me as a brand from the burning and changed my whole career. My delight then was in the dance house and there did I dwell; but when God changed my heart my desire was that I might "dwell in the house of the Lord forever to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in His holy temple."

"With best wishes and prayer for God's blessing to rest upon the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY in its grand and noble work for the welfare of seamen,

I am, respectfully,  
C. A. BORELLA."

### Tides in the Bay of Fundy.

Captain Reagh, of the schooner *Windsor Packet*, informs us that he noticed off the south shore of the Bay of Fundy a mysterious change in the currents; that the fresh water supposed to flow from the St. John River had forced its way across the bay to the Nova Scotia shore, causing a tide to set in shore and reverse the general order of things. At ebb tide, when it should be running down, it was, for the first two hours running up. The fishermen along the coast were confounded, and also complained of this double current, which so interfered with their nets that they had for five days to stop fishing—some lost their nets by it, while others were wholly destroyed. This is a strange freak of nature, and likely to prove, if lasting, dan-

gerous to shipping, as by this current they would all drift in on shore.—*Windsor (N. S.) Mail.*

### Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street.

The work on this building is rapidly approaching completion. The masons are about through; the carpenters are driving matters, and the painters are following close upon them. As we have watched the progress of the work, we have been greatly pleased to notice how the contractors in their several departments have seemed to conscientiously do what they promised. It seems to be well planned in all its appointments and improvements; and when ready for inspection and use, will, we think, justify the outlay, and gratify the friends of the sailor, and our sympathizing patrons.

The enlarged and remodeled Home will, it is hoped, be ready for re-dedication some time in December.

### Position of the Principal Planets for December, 1879.

MERCURY is an evening star until the forenoon of the 10th, at 6h. 33m., when it is in inferior conjunction with the Sun, and during the remainder of the month is a morning star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 12th, at 8h. 41m., being  $5^{\circ} 6'$  north; is stationary among the stars in Serpentarius on the morning of the 20th, at about 6 o'clock; is at its greatest elongation at 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 28th, being then  $22^{\circ} 35'$  west of the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the 31st, when it rises at 5h. 41m., and  $28^{\circ} 21'$  south of east.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st, at 3h. 8m., and  $8^{\circ} 46'$  south of east; is at its greatest elongation on the morning of the 4th, at about 3 o'clock, being  $46^{\circ} 49'$  west of the Sun; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 10th, at 3h. 17m., being  $8^{\circ} 1'$  north.

MARS crosses the meridian on the evening of the 1st, at 10h. 4m., being then  $17^{\circ} 10'$  north; is stationary among the stars in Aries on the forenoon of the 16th, at about 7 o'clock; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 24th, at 2h. 2m., being  $3^{\circ} 8'$  south.

JUPITER is an evening star setting on the 1st, at 25m. past midnight and  $14^{\circ} 29'$  north of west; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 18th, at 6h. 8m., being  $5^{\circ} 49'$  south.

SATURN crosses the meridian on the evening of the 1st, at 7h. 55m., being  $1^{\circ} 12'$  north of the equator; is stationary among the stars in Cetus on the morning of the 12th, at about 4 o'clock: is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 21st, at 10h. 51m., being  $8^{\circ} 28'$  south; is in quadrature with the Sun on the morning of the 31st, at 2h. 5m., after which it is considered as an evening star.

*N. Y. University.*

R. H. B.

### Marine Disasters in October, 1879.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month, was 32, of which 17 were wrecked, 4 abandoned, 1 burned, 2 sunk by collision, 6 foundered, and 2 are missing. The list comprises 2 ships, 6 barks, 2 brigs, and 22 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$290,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *b* burned, *s c* sunk by collision, *f* foundered, and *m* missing.

#### SHIPS.

Philosopher, *f.* from Calcutta for Boston.  
S. Blanchard, *a.* from Liverpool for Rio Janeiro.

#### BARKS.

Midas, *w.* from Valparaiso for San Antonio.  
Leone, *b* from New York for Alexandria.  
T. C. Jones, *w.* from Barcelona for New York.  
Bayard, *w.* from New York for Greenore.  
Geo. Kingman, *w.* from Halifax for Boston.  
Pohono, *w.* from New York for Pascagoula.

#### BRIGGS.

Hattie Pettis, *w.* from Santa Anna for N. York.  
Diligente, *w.* from Havana for Mobile.

#### SCHOONERS.

White Wing, *f.* from Matanzas for Philadelphia.  
Harry & Fred, *w.* from Windsor, N. B. for Baltimore.  
Charger, *f.* from South Amboy for Somerset.  
Arizona, *m.* (Whaler.)  
Harriet Brewster, *a.* from New York for Bordeaux.  
Anna Bell Hyer, *w.* from Alexandria for Jacksonville.  
E. T. Smith, *f.* from Philadelphia for Nantucket.  
Annie Stefer, *w.* (At Casper Creek.)  
S. S. Godfrey, *m.* from Philadelphia for Danvers.  
Maggie Johnson, *w.* from San Francisco for Makin Island.  
Winslow, *w.* from Boston for Bangor.  
Mountain Laurel, *a.* from Bangor for N. York.  
E. G. Buxton, *w.* from Boston for Bucksport.  
White Foam, *s. c.* from Virginia for Baltimore.  
Nancy, *w.* from Richibucto for Boston.  
Jane McKay, *w.* from Boston for Rustico, P. E. I.  
Olive Branch, *w.* from Nassau for New York.

Mary H. Mifflin, *f.* from Hoboken for Warren, R. I.  
 Alabama, *a.* from Chickahominy for Philadelphia.  
 Antelope, *f.* from Boothbay for Boston.  
 Thos. W. Finney, *s. c.* from Potomac River for Baltimore.  
 Henry M. Clark, *w.* from Tignish, P. E. I. for Boston.

The *Bureau Veritas* publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

*Sailing Vessels* :—34 English, 15 American, 18 Norwegian, 10 French, 8 Dutch, 7 German, 5 Italian, 5 Republic of Nicaragua, 5 Swedish, 3 Chilean, 3 Russian, 2 Austrian, 2 Portuguese, 1 Brazilian, 1 Republic of Costa Rica, 1 Republic of New Grenada, 3 of which the nationality is unknown. total, 118. In this number are included 8 vessels reported missing.

*Steamers* :—5 English, 1 French, total, 6.

## Receipts for October, 1879.

### MAINE.

Bangor, Hammond St. Cong ch .... \$ 25 00

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Exeter, 1st church..... 26 86  
 2nd church..... 22 17  
 Nashua, 1st church..... 10 54

### MASSACHUSETTS.

Ashby, Cong. church..... 5 20  
 Ayer, S. S. class, for library..... 10 00  
 Boston, brig *Daniel Bugbee*..... 1 00  
 Boxboro, Cong. church..... 5 00  
 Charlestown, Winthrop church..... 24 09  
 Charlton, Cong. church..... 3 70  
 Chelsea, "Willie"..... 25  
 Dorchester, Village church..... 10 02  
 Florence, Cong. church..... 60 00  
 Groton, Mrs. Richard P. Joy, for lib'y..... 20 00  
 Harvard, Cong. church..... 13 00  
 Holyoke, 1st Cong. church..... 3 00  
 Lancaster, Cong. church..... 10 00  
 Marion, Mr. S. D. Hadley..... 5 00  
 Newburyport, Bethel Society, by Miss Fanny G. Bray, Sec'y..... 40 00  
 Palmer, 2nd Cong. church, of wh. \$30. for library..... 27 41  
 South Hadley Falls, Cong. church..... 10 00  
 Springfield, South Cong. church..... 11 71  
 Tewksbury, Cong. church..... 22 00  
 Townsend, Cong. church..... 7 00  
 Westboro, Evang'l church..... 62 78  
 Westfield, 1st Cong. church..... 10 34  
 West Springfield, Park St. Cong ch..... 32 06  
 Whately, Cong. church, of wh. \$20, from S. S. for library..... 25 50  
 Wilmington, Cong. church..... 8 43  
 Worcester, Central church..... 70 20  
 Salem St. church, for library..... 21 06

### CONNECTICUT.

Berlin, 2nd Cong. church..... 3 36  
 Bridgeport, Park St Cong. church..... 23 00  
 Chester, Cong. church..... 18 00  
 Fairfield, 1st Cong. church, of wh. for ships' libraries, Jonathan Sturges, \$20; Henry C. Sturges, \$20; Sam'l Morehouse, \$20; Cong ch. S. S., \$20, and O. B. Jennings, for Mary A. McCoy, \$20.  
 Fair Haven, 2nd Cong. ch., for lib'y..... 161 48  
 Greenwich, Oliver Mead ..... 20 00  
 Sarah Mead..... 10 00  
 Guilford, 1st Cong. church..... 20 00  
 .5 00

Madison, Cong. church.....	3 95
New Britain, 1st Cong. church.....	54 16
New Haven, 1st Cong. church.....	84 47
North Cong. church.....	55 45
Church of the Redeemer.....	55 00
North Stamford, Cong. church.....	3 00
Norwich, Estate of D. W. Coit, by Chas. W. Coit, ex.....	528 75
Broadway Cong. church.....	148 93
Rockville, Rev. W. J. Jennings.....	5 00
West Winsted, 2nd Cong. church.....	12 33

### NEW YORK.

Brockport, Pres. ch., of wh. Electa F. Minot, bal. for ships' library, \$10.....	24 58
Brooklyn, 2nd Pres. church.....	48 00
Churchville, Cong. church.....	11 00
Coxsackie, Dr. Robert Bocock.....	1 00
Dansville, Pres. church.....	17 00
Luth. church.....	1 17
Hamilton, S. S. Bap. church, Berean class, for library.....	20 00
New York City, John Dwight.....	100 00
Jonas Marsh Libbey, for libraries.....	60 00
William Rockefeller.....	50 00
William Libbey, Jr., for libraries.....	40 00
Trustees Murray Fund.....	30 00
E. D. Morgan.....	25 00
B. G. Arnold & Co.....	25 00
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Cash.....	23 00
Fairbanks & Co.....	10 00
Henderson Bros.....	10 00
Mrs. Charles Morgan.....	10 00
Waldo Hutchins.....	10 00
C. F. Hunter.....	10 00
Edwin Mead.....	10 00
J. Atkins.....	10 00
John T. Denny.....	10 00
M. W. Cooper.....	10 00
E. C. Benedict.....	10 00
S. B. S.....	10 00
D. Clarkson.....	5 00
Cash, N.....	5 00
H. M. Taber.....	5 00
Cash, F.....	5 00
H. S. Ely.....	5 00
John H. Boynton.....	5 00
Walter T. Miller.....	5 00
J. H. Linsky.....	5 00
Cash, B.....	2 00
W. W. Pell.....	1 00
S. M. S.....	1 00
Capt. Trefry and crew bark <i>Templar</i> .....	5 50
Capt. Geo. Bailey and crew schr. <i>Wm. H. Bailey</i> .....	4 00
Oswego, Cong. church.....	13 02
Plattsburg, Mrs. M. K. Platt.....	4 00
Rochester, Central Pres. church, of wh. for libraries, \$40.....	45 00
Smithtown, (L. I.) Pres. church.....	5 00
Wyoming, S. S. 1st Pres. church.....	10 11

### NEW JERSEY.

Lafayette, Ref. church.....	16 00
Newark, High St. Pres. church.....	41 00
2nd Pres. church, add'l.....	6 22

### MARYLAND.

Baltimore, Mrs. Mary R. Hoffman, for library.....	20 00
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### ILLINOIS.

Chicago, Chas. S. Holt, Esq., for lib'y.....	20 00
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### JAPAN.

Tokio, Dr. D. B. McCartee, for lib'y.....	20 00
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	\$2,680 85
Newburyport, Mass. Ladies' Bethel Society, two bed quilts.	



Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

### “Does Jesus Christ Live Here?”

Only a few years ago, as a lady was sitting on the veranda of her Burmese house, a jungle-boy came bounding through the opening in the hedge which served as a gateway, and, approaching her, inquired with eagerness, “Does Jesus Christ live here?” He was about twelve years of age, his hair matted with filth, and bristling in every direction like the quills of a porcupine, and a dirty cloth of plaided cotton disposed in a most slovenly manner about his person. “Does Jesus Christ live here?” he asked, as he hastened up the steps of the veranda, and crouched at the lady’s feet. “What do you want of Jesus Christ?” she asked. “I want to see him; I want to confess to him.”—“Why? what have you been doing that you want to confess?”—“Does he live here?” he continued with great emphasis; “I want to know that. Doing? why, I tell lies, I steal, I do every thing bad. I am afraid of going to hell; and I want to see Jesus Christ, for I heard that he can save us from hell. Does he live here? Oh, tell me where I can find Jesus Christ!”—“But he does not save people from hell if they continue to do wickedly.”—“I want to stop doing wickedly,” said the inquirer; “but I can’t stop; I don’t know how to stop. The

evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come of evil thoughts. What can I do?”—“Nothing but to come to Christ, poor boy, like all the rest of us,” the lady softly murmured; but she spoke this last in English, so the boy only raised his head with a vacant “B-ha-lai?”—“You cannot see Jesus Christ now,” she added, and was answered by a sharp, quick cry of despair. “But I am his humble friend and follower,” said the lady, at which the face of the little listener brightened. She continued, “He has commissioned me to teach all those who wish to escape from hell how to do so.” The joyful eagerness depicted in the boy’s countenance was beyond description. “Tell me, oh, tell me! Only ask your master the Lord Jesus Christ to save me, and I will be your servant for life. Do not be angry; do not send me away. I want to be saved—save me from hell!” The next day this boy was introduced to the little bamboo schoolhouse, in the character of the wild Karen boy; and such a greedy seeker after truth and holiness had seldom been seen. Every day he came to the white teachers to learn something more concerning the Lord Jesus and the way of salvation; and every day his feelings enlarged, and his face gradually lost

its look of indescribable stupidity. He was at length baptized, and commemorated the love of that Saviour he had so earnestly sought. He lived a while to testify his sincerity, and died in joyful hope. He had "confessed," and had found a deliverer from those sins from which he could not free himself. The lady died also, and she and the wild Karen boy have met in the presence of their common Redeemer.—*Church Missionary Gleaner.*

### A Penny, and A Prayer, Too.

"Was that penny on the table yours, Susie?" asked grandma, as the children came in from Sunday-school. "I saw it after you went, and I was afraid you had forgotten it."

"Oh, no, grandma; mine went into the box all safely."

"Did you drop anything in with it?" asked grandma.

"Why, no, ma'am," said Susie, looking surprised. "I hadn't anything to put in. You know I earn my penny every week by getting up early and going for the milk."

"Yes, I remember, dear. Do you know just what becomes of your penny?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you care?"

"O, indeed I do, a great deal. I want it to do good somewhere."

"Well then, every Sunday when you drop your penny in, why don't you drop a prayer in, too, that your penny may be blessed in its work and do good service for God? Don't you think if every penny carried a prayer with it, the money the school sends away would do wonderful work? Just think of the prayers that would go out, some across the ocean, some away off among the Indians!"

"I never thought of that, grandma. The prayer would do as much good as the penny, if it was a real true prayer, wouldn't it?"

"I'm going to remember, and not let my penny go alone again."—*Child's Paper.*

### Comfort in a Cloud.

A friend of mine told me of a visit he had paid to a poor woman, overwhelmed with trouble, in her little room; but she always seemed cheerful. She knew The Rock. "Why," said he, "Mary, you must have very dark days, they must overcome you with clouds sometimes." "Yes," she said, "but then I often find there's comfort in a cloud." "Comfort in a cloud, Mary?" "Yes," she said, "when I am very low and dark I go to the window, and if I see a heavy cloud, I think of those precious words, 'A cloud received Him out of their sight,' and I look up and see the cloud sure enough, and then I think,—well, that may be the cloud that hides HIM, and so you see there is comfort in a cloud."

### Off for Boy-Land.

Ho! All aboard! A traveller  
Sets sail from Baby-land!  
Before my eyes there comes a blur,  
But still I kiss my hand,  
And try to smile as off he goes,  
My bonny winsome boy!  
Yes, *bon voyage!* God only knows  
How much I wish thee joy.

Oh, tell me, have ye heard of him?  
He wore a sailor's hat  
All silver-corded round the brim,  
And—stranger e'en than that—  
A wondrous suit of navy-blue,  
With pockets deep and wide;  
Oh, tell me, sailors, tell me true,  
How fares he on the tide?

We've now no baby in the house;  
'Twas but this very morn,  
He doffed his dainty 'broidered blouse,  
With skirts of snowy lawn;  
And shook a mass of silken curls  
From off his sunny brow;  
They fretted him—"so like a girl's!  
Mamma can have them now."

He owned a brand-new pocket-book,  
But that he could not find;  
A knife and string was all he took;  
What did he leave behind?  
A heap of blocks with letters gay,  
And here and there a toy;  
I cannot pick them up to-day,  
My heart is with my boy.

Ho! Ship ahoy! At Boyhood's town  
Cast anchor strong and deep!  
What! tears upon this little gown  
Left for mamma to keep?  
Weep not, but smile; for through the air  
A merry message rings:  
"Just sell it to the rag-man there!  
I've done with baby things!"

Emma H. Nason, in *St. Nicholas.*

## Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1879, was 6,502; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,144. The number of volumes in these libraries was 349,328, and they were accessible to 254,295 men. Eight hundred and ninety-three libraries, with 32,148 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 101,680 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.

During October, 1879, seventy-two loan libraries, twenty-eight new, and forty-four refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,731 to 6,751 inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,184, 5,185, 5,186, 5,187, 5,188, 5,189, and 5,190, at Boston. Of the new libraries sent out in October, assignments were made as follows:—

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
5184.—Salem St. Cong. ch., Worcester, Mass.	U. S. Ship Kearsarge.....	Norfolk, Va.....	210	
5185.—Mrs. Richard F. Joy, Groton, Mass.....	Brig Daniel Bugbee.....	Europe.....	9	
5186.—S. S. Cong. church, Whately, Mass.....	Schr. H. C. Winsup.....	Rotterdam.....	8	
5187.—Cong. church, Florence, Mass.....	" McMannery.....	Philadelphia.....	7	
5188.—Central Cong. ch., Worcester, Mass.....	Ship Iceberg.....	East Indies.....	25	
5189.—Cong. church, Westboro, Mass.....	Barkentine Nellie M. Slade	Melbourne.....	10	
5190.—Central Cong. ch., Worcester, Mass.....	Ship Magellan.....	Valparaiso.....	22	
6738.—2nd Cong. church, Fair Haven, Conn.....	" Sunrise.....	Anjier, E. I.....	20	
6747.—Mrs. Jeannette McKenzie, Newark, N. J., for the McKenzie Library.....	" Sea Witch.....	Java.....	24	

Assignments were also made, during the month of October, 1879, from new libraries previously sent out, as follows:—

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
6697.—Ladies' Bethel Society, Newburyport, Mass.....	Ship Oakland.....	Japan.....	18	
6698.—Ladies' Bethel Society, Newburyport, Mass.....	" Samuel Watts.....	San Francisco.....	28	
6699.—2nd Cong. church, Palmer, Mass.....	" Gardner Colby.....	Shanghai.....	22	
6700.—Jonathan Sturges, Fairfield, Conn.....	Bark St. Lucie.....	Callao, S. A.....	15	
6701.—Henry C. Sturges, New York City.....	Ship Jane Fish.....	" .....	22	
6702.—Samuel Morehouse, Fairfield, Conn.....	" Gen. McClellan.....	San Francisco.....	30	
6703.—S. S. Cong. church, Fairfield, Conn.....	Bark Charles R. Lewis.....	Melbourne.....	16	
6704.—O. B. Jennings, Esq., Fairfield, Conn., for Mary A. McCoy Library .....	Ship Commodore.....	San Francisco.....	32	
6705.—Berean class S. S. Bap. church, Hamilton, N. Y.....	" Annie Fish.....	Bombay.....	25	
6706.—Charles S. Holt, Esq., Chicago, Ill.....	" Lyra.....	Antwerp.....	20	
6709.—Mrs. Mary A. Hoffman, Baltimore, Md.....	" Mary Whitridge.....	Shanghai.....	20	
6728.—Dr. D. B. McCartee, of Japan.....	" Guardian.....	Java.....	19	

## The forty-four libraries refitted and reshipped were:—

No. 1,993, No. 3,941, No. 4,509, No. 4,783, No. 5,017, No. 5,735, No. 5,817, No. 6,054, No. 6,475, " 2,209, " 4,067, " 4,510, " 4,807, " 5,200, " 5,759, " 5,884, " 6,121, " 6,539, " 2,973, " 4,034, " 4,650, " 4,822, " 5,220, " 5,771, " 5,962, " 6,268, " 6,553, " 3,563, " 4,252, " 4,706, " 4,911, " 5,255, " 5,799, " 5,997, " 6,356, " 6,649, " 3,629, " 4,395, " 4,712, " 4,914, " 5,262, " 5,800, " 6,040, " 6,440,
---

## The Dead Raven, or "The Lord Helps."

The subject of our story was only a poor weaver, living in the little German town of Wupperthal; a poor man in his outward circumstance, but rich toward

God, and well-known in his neighborhood as one who trusted in the Lord at all times. His constant faith expressed itself in what became his habitual utter-

ance under all circumstances of trouble and perplexity. "The Lord helps," he was wont to say; and he said it undauntedly, even when it looked as if the Lord had forsaken him. Such a time it was when, in a season of scarcity, work ran short, many hands were discharged, and the master by whom our weaver was employed gave him his dismissal. After much fruitless entreaty that he might be kept on, he said at last, "Well, the Lord helps," and so returned home. His wife, when she heard the sad news, bewailed it terribly; but her husband strove to cheer her with his accustomed assurance. "The Lord helps," he said; and even although as the days went on, poverty pinched them sorely, nothing could shake his firm reliance on him in whom he trusted. At last came the day when not a penny was left, no bread, no fuel in the house, only starvation stared them in the face. Sadly his wife tidied and swept the little room on the ground floor in which they lived. The window was open, and possibly the words were heard outside, with which the weaver strove to keep up their courage: "The Lord helps." Presently a street boy looked saucily in, and threw a dead raven at the feet of the pious man; "There, saint! there is something for you to eat," he cried.

The weaver picked up the dead raven, and, stroking its feathers down said, compassionately, "Poor creature! thou must have died of hunger." When, however, he felt its crop to see whether it was empty, he noticed something hard, and, wishing to know what had caused the bird's death, he began to examine it. What was his surprise when, on opening the gullet, a gold necklace fell into his hand. The wife looked at it confounded; the weaver exclaimed, "The Lord helps," and in haste took the chain to the nearest goldsmith, told him how he had found it, and received with gladness two dollars, which the goldsmith offered to lend him for his present need.

The goldsmith soon cleaned the trinket, and recognized it as one he had seen before. "Shall I tell you the owner?" he asked, when the weaver called again. "Yes," was the joyful answer, "for I would gladly give it back into the right hands."

But what cause had he to admire the wonderful ways of God when the goldsmith pronounced the name of his master at the factory. Quickly he took the necklace and went with it to his former employer. In his family, too, there was much joy at the discovery, for suspicion was removed from a servant. But the merchant was ashamed and touched; he had not forgotten the words uttered by the poor man when he was dismissed. "Yes," he said, thoughtfully and kindly; "the Lord helps; and now you shall not only go home richly rewarded, but I will no longer leave without work so faithful and pious a workman, whom the Lord so evidently stands by and helps; you shall henceforth be no more in need." Thus he who fed Elijah by living ravens proves himself equally able to supply the needs of his tired servant by the same bird when dead.—*Sword and Trowel.*

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A GOOD LADY once said to the preacher, as he came out of the pulpit: "You preached a good sermon to-night." "What is your standard of a good sermon?" "When a sermon makes you feel that you ought to do better, I call it a good sermon." It would be hard to find a better definition. It is less compact, but has more inwardness than the saying of Matthew Henry:—"That is a good sermon which does *thee* good."

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#### American Seamen's Friend Society.

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L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*  
80 Wall Street, New York.

*District Secretary:—*  
Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston.

THE

# SAILORS' MAGAZINE

AND

## SEAMEN'S FRIEND;

AND

## THE LIFE BOAT,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER, 1879.

*Tossed upon life's raging billow,  
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know,—  
Thou didst press a Sailor's pillow,  
And canst feel a Sailor's woe.  
Never slumbering, never sleeping,  
Though the night be dark and drear,  
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,  
"All, all's well! " thy constant cheer."*

*Bethune.*

VOL. LI.

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NEW YORK:

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,  
80 WALL STREET.



## PREFACE.

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God often helps his workers in the vision and enjoyment of fruit from their labors. And each passing twelvemonth, as it deepens our sense of responsibility in caring for the trust committed to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, supplies, as well, the facts which cheer and incite us to continuing activity.

The witness to this truth stands out to view in the fifty-first volume of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE. Its steady current of testimony attests the Divine blessing upon us in the year EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-NINE. At home and abroad, a sense of the wide and increasing value of our cause to the triumphs of the Lord's kingdom in the hearts of men, is broadened and intensified. He who runs may read this in these pages.

More and more does prayer go up for it. More and more God's Spirit falls on sailors' souls, in connection with exertions made for its advancement. The wondrous "revival" among them, last winter, at Portland, Oregon,—whose story is here to be found, is but one of many things which have lately gladdened men and angels in this department of service for the Master.

The thorough renovation of the SAILORS' HOME on Cherry Street, in New York, which makes it equal, if it be not superior to any similar institution in the world,—is another evidence of its real progress. The richest memories of "saving

grace" clustered about the old Home that has gone:—may the same Divine Love to the sons of the sea hallow the new edifice!

And, as the year draws to its ending, we print in the last number of the volume, tidings from the capital of Denmark, which make a mile-stone in our work for Scandinavian seamen. The assumption of all expenses connected with our mission at Copenhagen (save the salary of the Chaplain), by the Lutheran Christians of that city, gives token of such interest, on their part, in our efforts to bring the man of the sea to his SAVIOR and KING,—as has not existed in any similar degree, during the whole of our more than fifty years' labor for sailors.

Brethren in the churches;—of whatever name,—loving the One Redeemer, and praying for His coming "to rule the Earth in righteousness,"—pray, we beseech you, for sailors:—pray, we entreat you, for us, their servants and yours, for Christ's sake,—that our faith and your own fail not, and that our common consecration to His work on Sea and Land, be not abated, but increased! And unto HIM be all the praise!

DECEMBER, 1879.

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# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

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Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President.*  
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

OBJECTS. 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen; to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to **SAVE THEIR SOULS.** 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT. 1.—The preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN, the SANDWICH ISLANDS, CHILI, BRAZIL, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to those who do business upon our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and SEAMEN'S FRIEND, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the SEAMEN'S FRIEND, is gratuitously furnished to Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the LIFE BOAT for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—LOAN LIBRARIES, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ship's officers and crews, and placed as a general thing, in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries, among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates much more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that, (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it. (2) It usually places the library in charge of the Captain of the vessel. (3) It contemplates a connection between the sailor and the individual who furnishes the library which he reads. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of libraries sent out by the Society, to April, 1879, is 6,502, containing 349,328 volumes. Calculating 6,144 re-shipments, they have been accessible to more than 254,295 men. Over one thousand hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

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NOTE.—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is, when asked for, sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Life-Members and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.



